Lions to Roar

As Kids Roll

Vari-colored eggs, initial suits

with "long trousers" worn by

chesty young men. young girls

whose long dresses now entitle

them to be called misses, and

rather old people may be seen

indulging in egg-plucking on the Monument Grounds, Zoological Park and the Soldiers'
Home Grounds today—if ye old
Goddess of Weather so desires.
While the kiddles roll their
Easter eggs at the Zoological
Park, the Boy Scout Band of
Washington, under the direction
of James L. Kidwell, will play
a concept' between 10 and 1
o'clock. Members of the band
will be seated south of the lion

will be seated south of the lion house and the music played by them will easily be heard over the roars of the pleased lions.

Easter Monday marks a day full of fun and laughter for the

full of fun and laughter for the oldest to the youngest; a day which stands apart from the rest of the holidays, when the whole of Washington will look like one large peacock alley, minus the haughtiness and indifference of the real thing.

By Central High Girl

By Louise Hancock, 15 years old, Central High School.)
One year ago the

One year ago the girls of Rock Creek Church road organ-

ized a club called I. V. G. Dur-ing the summer we gave several parties. In June we had a lawn

fete and made about \$15; and

later, in the fall, we gave a play called "The Three Lemons," which was followed by two more

plays, "Little Topsy and the Princess" and "The Swineherd." The club has eight members:

Josephine Finney, Louise Hancock, Lenora Lester, Helen, Ma-rion and Margaret McAuliffe, Minnie Dent Ross and Louise

Vogel. Our mascot is a little baby boy. "Micky" Frank Ross. Next Wednesday, March 30, the

club will give a party, celebrat-ing its first anniversary.

A Familiar Quotation.

(Who wrote it?)

There is a reaper whose name

He reaps the bearded grain at

And the flowers that grow

Than smiles of other maidens

are. -Hartley Coleridge, "She Is Not Fair."

is Death, And with his sickle keen

breath.

between.

Last one:

THE MORNING HERALD

By Roma Medford, 13 years old, Twining School

Club Activities Told

Easter Eggs

## A New Novel Borrowed dusbands A Married Life Mildred K. Barbour

LXVII-THE CRISIS. ncy stood staring in amazement paper in her hand

she gasped.
"Dr. Langwell took it from her. His crisp, decisive, professional manner had descended on him like

"Who is Connie?" he asked.
"Curtis Stanley's wife," Nancy answered absently.

"She would be likely to have intimate knowledge of your affairs?'
Nancy made a little helpiess ges-

"Connie would make it her busi-ness to have."

The doctor smiled grimly.
"Nice person, Connie," he re-marked.

But what could she mean by this ridiculous message? Nancy per-sisted. "Why tell me to be brave? And why, above all else, come to Chicago? Aren't there enough of my friends here already?" The doctor smiled.

"I should say there were too dainned many," he said softly; so softly that Edith, who had stopped playing, and sat on the plano bench watching Nancy distressedly, did

suppose," said Nancy with a sigh, that the wretched Lewis baby has burned up my apartment play-ing with matches. Or else Semranis has died of shock after look ing at his own portrait. You can't be too careful of the nerves of a Persian cat!"

"Nancy," began Edith, hesitantly, "you don't think—you don't suppose that anything has happened to your

husband?"

A little pang of fear shot through Nancy, but with the doctor's quizzies? eyes directed on her, and mindful that he knew of the cheque found in Fleurette's handbag, she mahaged a careless shrug.
"Hardly!" she remarked flippantly. "Besides, why should Connie be informed, and I his rightful widow," she even essayed a little widow," she even essayed a little

widow." she even essayed a little laugh, "be left in the dark?" Edith looked shocked, but the doctor chuckled.

"It would rather simplify matters for you where our friend the major is concerned."

Nancy shrugged, and crushed the telegram into a little ball.

'Oh, well. I sha'n't let it spoil my dinner. I'll just have to wait until Connie shows up and deigns an ex-

"Good girl!" said the doctor, approvingly. "That's the stuff. Didn't I tell you you would make a good "One like Miss Dean?" queried

"One like Miss Dean?" queried Nancy demurely.

The doctor looked at her squarely. Again he wore that inscrutable expression that reminded her so much of the little image of Buddha on a teakwood tabouret in her sitting-room in New York.

Edith rose from the piano and came over to Nancy, laying her slim white hands on the latter's equally

white hands on the latter's equally

white hands on the latters equally white shoulders.

"My dear, I hope it's not bad news," she said, anxiously. "But I don't like to hear you speak so lightly about your husband He has gone on a long and dangerous jour-ney. Something might happen to him, you know."

Looking into Edith's eyes, Nancy

saw there a terrible fear, the dread that walked by Edith's side, that somehow, somewhere, sometime, Langwell might be taken from her. "To think of loving like that-how beautiful-how awful," thought

"Well, let's go in to dinner," sug-gested the doctor. "We will be bet-ter-fortified to meet disaster." Edith shivered and glanced about

There seems to be an evil spell on this house party. First, the ac-cident yesterday, and now this." As if to emphasize her words. Miss Dean, the nurse, appeared in the doorway. Her maddening ef-ficiency, was temporarily absent. It hink you'd better come, doc-tor. The patient—"

(Capyright, 1921, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

### Split-Second Comments On the News

By ROBERT QUILLEN

If we must have wars, let's adopt the pay-as-you-enter plan. Being broke wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't so inconvenient

A cynic is a man who thinks kiss-ing no more than germ swapping.

A woman never really enjoys a pain unless she can tell somebody



## The Boys and Girls' Herald Dorothy Dix's Addice

#### Rural Comedy To Be Enacted By Boy Scouts

A barrel full of ghosts, baseball in a grocery store, a Hebrew crook from the city, and the worst boy in the county, are some of the scenes which will be shown by members of Troop 64 in a Country Boy Scout comedy drama at the Thomson School, Wednesday, March 30.

Those boys in the cast are: The Bad Country Boy, Herbert Elliot; A Black Roustabout, Freddie Pyles; The Owner of the Coal Mines, Joseph Shancros; Manager of the Supply Store, Lloyd Norris; The Judge's Son. Theodore Sullivan; A Hebrew Crook from the City, Louis Saz-oznick; A Chinese Laundryman, Alfred McDonald; Huck's Chum. Hunter, Franklin Ragland; A Little Water Rat, Carl Emory Hirst; The Waddicationer," John Theis; A Breaker Boy, Raymond Porter, and One of the Gang, Jo-

seph Tail.

The play is under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Hirst. A Boy Scout song and drill, with Old Glory as witness, will conclude the evening's pleasure.

A father and son banquet will be held by Troop 15, of Cleveland Park, on Friday evening, April 1, at the Cleveland Park Pres-Knowles Cooper will speak.

Spring Is Here Again. (By John R. Whiting, 15 years, Emerson Institute.)

I'm perfectly sure that Spring is Because the trees are beginning

And boys already are hurling the sphere

On grass, dry ground or in the The birds are singing in the trees; From the far South they have

Old men, the rheumatism gone

from their knees, Cry: "Winter is done, Winter is

#### Daily Hardknot. One twelfth of a foot with judgment transpose; The answer you'll find right

under your nose. (Answer to last one: Basketball, cycling, baseball).

#### Hand-Me-Downs.

"So your daddy's got a new set of false teeth, has he? What's he going to do with the old "Oh, I expect mummy will cut them down for me later on."

Nuts to Crack. Why is a dog like a tree? [Answer to last one: "W flower most resembles a bull's mouth?"-A cowslip (cow's lip).]

Today's Great Person.

March 28-Your Birthday? Jacob H. Gallinger, a United States Senator. He was born at Cornwall, Ont., Canada, Tuesday, March 28, 1837. a while he was engaged in the medical profession, and was a contributor to medical journals. In 1872 he became member of the New Hamp-hire House of Representatives, and later became a Sen-

almitted having been with Nan Ederling when she died. The glass containing poisoned champagne, found near the dead

woman's hand, made it look

Finger-prints on the glass were those of the woman. Thomas Sturney, a young de-tective, who had arrested Cad-

win, was called by Hunt, when he said the police had not care-fully examined the rim of the glass. He advised the release of

Cadwin and the arrest of Dr. Sommers, who was known to have visited the woman an hour

previous to her death. Read be-low how Hunt knew Cadwin was not the murderer.

had for Cadwin.



#### THE HUNT.

(By Erwien Faust, 12 years old, Brent School.)

Through the woods he heard the But what feared he, the antlered monarch of the wood!

And this was on the east wind To his majesty as he stood.

Then up away the deer, he bounds Followed by the joyous hounds, And again the huntsmen wind their horns, The notes carried aloft by the

breeze of morn. For one moment does he heed, Then bounds on with lightning

speed. The hounds fly along on the trail,
While the huntsmen wake the
woods with their hails.

Onward they chase to the noon of day, Never thinking to stop or rest on the way.

And the monarch who enjoys the Heads the dogs on the greatest

of pace. The dogs heavily were panting, The horses sides heaved. Then arose one by name of Scranting
And said, "The chase cannot today be achieved."

So they rested the horses and dogs And looked for the deer in the surrounding bogs. But the deer had wandered far,

far away, Never to become the huntsmen's

IN YER OLDEN DAYS

prey.

Can there be any comparison in eace, in happiness, in dignity, be

ween the girl who is a hanger-on of a rich family and the girl who stands on her own feet and earns her own living? The one is de-pendent. The other is an independ-

It is very true that the near-so

society friends when she goes to work, but she will find that she has

he class for which she has the

parasite or an anarchist.

For the poor can no more

member of a rich and socially prominent family, asks my opinion as to the advisability of her going into the most craven spirited lick-spittle writhe.

She says that she hesitates to go to work because it will mean practically giving up all the friends and acquaintances of her whole life; not that they especially look down upon a working woman, but that they are the idlers and spenders who pass their days on golf links and at bridge tables instead of in offices. They merely live in a different world and there are not many bridges that cross over from the habitat of the industrious poor to that of the idlers. She is always spoken of half-pityingly and half-contemptulates. She is always spoken of half-pityingly and half-contemptulates. She is always spoken of half-pityingly and half-contemptulates.

nettles would not chafe her back more than do the cast-off clothes Also, the girl says she is pretty and attractive, and she is afraid that she will jeopardize her chances of marrying if she becomes a business grub instead of a society butterfly. I say to the girl that if she desires to be really happy, and to ex-perience the purest fay on earth, which is self-respect, she ought to

none is so full of heart burning, and envy, and unsatisfied desire, as that of the shabby genteel, nor is there any other occupation on earth so agonizing as that of hanging on to society by your eyelashes.

Real honest poverty, that doesn't pretend to be anything but what it

is, has few terrors in it, and many compensations. An humble house can be perfectly comfortable; a plain meal may be more tasty and nourishing than things cooked a la this and a laghat. A homespun coat can be as warm as a broadcloth one. No friends are so true as the warm-hearted neighbors of the poor.

who come in to help in every time of frouble and rejoicing. Those who scept poverty frankly find that it turns a kindly face upon them. It is only a bitter enemy to those who try to camouflage it; who pretend that the reason that they live in a shabby part of the town is because of the romantic atmosphere; who starve at home that they may give a pink tea once a season; who put the mohey that should go into red flannel underwear into a ball dress, and who have no friends because they spend their lives trying to get to know the people who don't want to know

It's the pretenses, the lies, the deceits, the agonizing effort to make one dollar go as far as five, the straining to keep up with those whose pace is too swift for one. that makes genteel poverty the most horrible fate on earth. It's the having to flatter and ca-

New York City Day By Day Impressions By O.O.McINTYRE

NEW YORK, March 27 .- A page from the dairy of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up and unquiet that, my wife should rip up some old faults and to see Mr. Gibson, the artist: a gentleman whom I honor mightily. F. Casey there too, and told a droll story of an Irishman which I cannot

repeat.

Stopped to see J. Kaufman, the chronicler, and he gave me a volume called "Cassandra" which I promised to read yet I cannot center my thoughts on reading of late. There is great talk in the city of the con-tinued high prices and I hope My Lord Warren will do something in the matter.

is pretty to see the tulips growing in the home windows, and the bravest flower I know. Meeting Don Clark we had a bit of meat and he told me of the new scrivening job he has taken and how he could not be happy away from the newspaper

Home and with a little work done walked up the avenue, crowded with people getting the brave sunshine and I saw Mr. Edison who steps quickly and Mr. Sabine, the banker, and Mr. McCormack, the singer.

In the evening with Lew Cody and R. Long to a dance A. Bedell gave for his working roots.

for his working people and a mighty fine time, too, dancing and singing and Lew spoke a piece and a fellow, a shipping clerk he was, whistled the best ever I heard. Then ome and to bed, sleeping well.

Broadway hears that Channing Pollock nearly ended his pilgrimage to Egypt in Algeria. In Italy he ran out of tobacco and had to send

Shakespeare Washington



HAMLET IN PLENTY. Friend...Give him the cup. Hamlet—I'll play this bout first; set it by a while. Act V, Sc. II)

fortune, and whose family are still on the hunt for somebody to take ent, free human being. The one is a begger, a sycophant, a boot-licker. The other can look the world in the eye and tell it to go where it her off their hands.

There is no other girl who has so good a chance to marry well as the business girl. She is at the very source of supplies for matrimony. ciety girl has to give up her real for she is in the offices where men congregate. The working girl meets achieved the peace that passeth girl meets one. She has the chance understanding when she drops into society girl never has, and in this run the race comfortably with the graces of person, or heart, or mind, rich than the tortoise can with the men notice it.

Moreover, the very fact that the girl is working shows that she is not on the husband hunt, and that motors when you can make no return; to let someone else pay your way, weakens the moral fiber, and turns the recipient into either a man is not afraid that he is being grabbed up as a meal ticket when he marries a business girl.

The girl who clings to her social position in the hopes that she will thereby make a big marriage, is turning matrimony from the noblest career a woman can follow to the most despicable profession. She is of high a price to pay for para-offering herself for sale as much as siteism. After all, the only person if she were a slave in the bazaars, and she seldom makes a good bargain. For men are leery of the (Copyright, 1921, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.) | ceed best as employees.

What the Stars Indicate MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1921. Astrologers read this as an un ertain day in which the Sun and Neptune are in benefic aspect, bu

Mercury, Uranus and Jupiter ar strongly adverse. The planets are friendly to a who are at the head of government, and the stars during this configura-tion are believed to aid vision con-

Horoscope

For Foday

erning men and events. Under this away persons should reach the goal of ambition easily whether the ruling desire be for power or for money. It is an auspicious day for those who seek political appointments of who apply for positions of any sort

Judges and all who have power to decide important questions re-garding the public weal are well There is a sign that foreshadow great access of common sense, es

pecially among women who will gradually recover from the effects of the war, which aroused all the primitive and predatory instincts is Mercury gives warning to news paper men that, while publicity will offer large rewards there will be aweeping economies in the journal

R is not a lucky day for love affairs, especially for the beginning of romances there is a forbidding

while business conditions should improve steadily after this mont initiative on this date may be disappointing.
Educational questions will be

much in the public mind and teachers should benefit, for there is the an awakening of the public to the need of sweeping reforms. Persons whose birthdate it should have a prosperous year Journeys and removals may be dis-appointing. Girls should be very Children born on this day may h

inclined to spend money too freely and should be trained in habits of thrift. These subjects of Aries suc-

# Moodward & Lothrop



## The Most Exceptional Values in Walnut Dining-Room Furniture

WE HAVE OFFERED IN MANY YEARS

There is an average saving of about 25 per cent on these Dining-Room Suites of fine American Walnut. Such prices are an inducement to immediate buying, and anyone in need of a new Dining-Room Suite should avail themselves of the offering

American Walnut, as you know, is a rich, warm, genteel, welcoming brown tone, and the designs in which we show it are particularly desirable.

#### ALL ARE COMPLETE 10-PIECE SUITES

Louis XVI American Walnut Suite, with large size mirror-back buffet; a serving cabinet of unique désign, having 2 central silver draw-ers and cabinets on either side; china cabinet has two drawers under cabinet; neat beaded decoration and fluted legs.

Specially Priced, \$600

Queen Anne Walnut Suite, of a very desirable size for apartment or bungalow; curved-top panel back chairs, with leather upholstery. A very exceptional value.

Specially Priced, \$525

Louis XV American Walnut Suite; especialbeautiful are the low-back chairs, with caned back outlined by a carved edge; fancy rep up-holstered scats. Now marked at the

Special Price of \$425

Queen Anne Walnut Suite, very simple lines, but well proportioned and of a popular size for the average home; excellent quality and finish; chair seats covered in good leather.

Specially Priced, \$395

Magnificent Italian Renaissance Walnut Suite of elegant dark wood, with the artistic stretcher legs, the table being notable for its 11-leg design, and the buffet, china cabinet and serving cabinet are correspondingly designed. Rich burl panels decorate the cabinets of all pieces. Chairs upholstered in antique tapestry, braided with fringed guimp and studded with Flemish brass nails.

#### Specially Priced, \$895

The most elegant Dining-Room Suite on our floor is of William and Mary design. The wood is richly grained and of a particularly elegant brown tone. Eight-leg table, buffet, china closet and serving cabinet. The legs are connected by graceful well-turned stretchers, each stretcher decorated with the bell design characteristic of the period; claw feet. The elegant hand-carved edge and decorations in leaf and arabesque design lend just the distinction to make an exclusive suite.

Specially Priced, \$1,650

Furniture Section, Sixth floor,

By Philip Francis Nowlan. more of the poison in a glass, tak-ing care not to leave his own finger prints, and to touch the time of prints, and to touch the tips the dead woman's fingers to glass. By the way, how did you know Cadwin had been there?" "Just poked around making in-quiries as to who'd ever been calling on her, and then calling on the list," said Sturney meekly. "Cad-win just got tangled up trying to

**Deductions of Harvey Hunt** 

Can you tell what became

THE VANISHING KILLER "This is Jerry Hufinagle," came the voice over the wire, "I'm in the devil of a mess, Mr. Hunt— in bad for fair all around. They

may be all right, but you've go Briefly, Huffnagle's story was Wainer, who went out very little.

and was devoting virtually all of his time to writing his memoirs, was upstairs writing. Huffnate had been sitting in the front room downstairs reading the paper. He had heard a ghastly scream and had rushed upstairs to find the old man gasping his last breath with his throat cut, and the knife an ordinary, new cheap butcherknife, flung on the desk before him. But he had not encountered a soul. waited long enough to search the house, then rushed to the door and called in the patrolman on the beat, who happened to be passing just at

who happened to be passing just at the moment. The police detectives seemed inclined to think that he had done it himself, either on his own account or at the instigation of Wagner Seitz.

"Look here, Mr. Hunt," gaid Sergeant Willing, "every window in this house is barred. Come on, I'll show you the lay of the land."

Together the detective bergeant and the criminal investigator made a tour of the house. It was a small one, facing the west. The door was on a level with the street, with a vestibule. The hall ran straight back along the south wall, and the stairs to the second floor ran in the secon after a mean of the manderer.

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